

ROCK THE UNDERHIVE! JERICO RETURNS THIS ISSUE!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY



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'I love it when a plan comes together.'

The catchphrase of Hannibal Smith has never been quite so appropriate in the light of conversations I've recently been having with our roster of writers and artists. Dan Abnett and Mitchel Scanlon were both dragged kicking

and screaming to Black Library Day and over a glass of Amasec or two, future plans for Lone Wolves, Inquisitor Ascendant, Hellbrandt Grimm and many other Warhammer Monthly favourites were sorted out. Look for these plans to bear fruit in these pages over the coming year or so.

A few days later Steve Horvath from our friends at Sabretooth Games paid a visit to our offices and as well as showing us much of the corking artwork from forthcoming expansion sets (a lot of it by names very familiar to Warhammer Monthly readers), we also put our heads together to thrash out any potential collaborations. Again, the fruits of this little tete-a-tete will play out over forthcoming months but look for a Warhammer 40,000 CCG competition and feature in the next few issues.



CHRISTIAN DUNN



KAL JERICO

More Jerico family members – and the true nature of Kal's mission – revealed in the second part of *Above & Beyond*.



LONE WOLVES

Death stalks the corridors of an abandoned ice station as the swarms move in for the kill.



HELLBRANDT GRIMM

Justice comes to the sleepy village of Lutzenstadt, in the form of a mysterious Bounty Hunter.



SLAVEBREAK

Deep below Hive Primus, pit slave Scuzzin Veck chances upon a means of escape.

DISPATCHES

The Vampire Hunter's Tale artist, Clint Langley, is currently hard at work on yet another twisted Tale From Ten-Tailed Cat, this time from the pen of rising UK comic writer, Si Spurrier. Prolific chap that he is, Clint's also just delivered the cover artwork for the first two novels in the Black Library's Inquisition War trilogy – reissues of Ian Watson's seminal Warhammer 40,000 novels *For the only election* & *Chaos*. Child will be with us shortly but in the meantime here's a snippet from the artwork for *Harlequin*.



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KAL JERICO *IN* ABOVE & BEYOND

PART TWO

SCRIPT: GORDON REHNIS • PENCILS: WAYNE REYNOLDS • INKS: RALPH HORSLEY • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

KAL JERICO: JUST ONE OF THE BILLIONS OF INHABITANTS OF ARSE PRINCE'S ON NEGROWORLD. ALL HIS LIFE, KAL'S WONDERED WHAT THE HIVE LOOKS LIKE FROM THE OUTSIDE.

NOW, AT LAST, HE HAS HIS CHANCE.







I'M NOT
TRYING TO RECRUIT
YOU, KAL. ONE TASK THAT
WAS THE BARBARIAN WE
MADE!

RIGHT. SO
WHAT'S THE
JOB?

ALL
IN GOOD
TIME.

FIRST OF
ALL I WANT YOU TO
MEET THE REST OF
MY TEAM.



THIS IS
MYSTERY RECORD. MY
SECOND-IN-COMMAND.
HE'S BEEN WITH ME THE
LONGEST. ALMOST
THIRTY YEARS
NOW.

WARRIOR,
I WANT YOU TO MEET
MY SON KAL.



ALWAYS
AN HONOUR TO MEET
SOMEONE OF THE SAME
BLOOD AS THE MYSTERY
INQUIRER.

YES, I CAN TELL.



FRIENDLY
SORT. WANT
HIS?

KLOS USED
TO BE WITH THE ADVENTURER
ARISTO. HE HAS A LOW OPINION
OF BOTH UNDERWICKS AND
BOUNTY HUNTERS, BUT TRY NOT
TO TAKE IT PERSONALLY.





DON'T WORRY,
IT'S ONE OF ~~MY FATHER'S~~
~~SOME~~ HIS AFTER THE SAME
PRIZE AS US, BUT WE'LL EASILY
BE ABLE TO OUTFRIN HIM IN
THIS VESSEL.

THAT'S THE TROUBLE
WITH ~~MY FATHER~~ ~~ANYONE~~
KAL HE ALWAYS WAS SO
PREDICTABLE.

MY FATHER!
YOU MEAN ~~LORD AELANNE~~
IS MY FATHER, IT

IT WAS ALL A
LONG TIME AGO, AND JUST ONE
OF THE MANY DISAGREABLE
THINGS ONE HAS TO DO FOR THE
GREATER GOOD OF THE
UNIVERSE.

NOW COME
ALONG, KAL, WE HAVE A
GREAT DEAL TO DO BEFORE
WE REACH OUR ~~MISSION~~
POINT AT THE SYSTEMS
EDGE.

OKAY, SO
WE'RE HERE, NOW
WHAT?

REVENGE, KAL,
IS VERY MUCH A QUALITY
WHICH YOU HAVE RAISED TO
HIGHER FROM MY SIDE OF
THE BLOODLINE.



IT'S CALLED KROCHER. IT'S SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN SOME OF THE MOST PRECIOUS
LOST TECH-LORE UNMASHABLE, AND WE'RE GOING ABOARD TO FIND IT.



END OF PART TWO

LONE WOLVES

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT ♦ ART: KARL RICHARDSON





Personal Log Sergeant Paul Marlin 8th Company 10th Slave Regiment Imperial Guard

Day 4-0

When we found this old ice station yesterday I thought our luck had changed



walls against the cold & roof even drains of fuel. But no food. Our rations ran out on day 67. No sign of the enemy, no sign of evac. Feels like we're the only things alive of Shadrac and that won't last long.



Medic Brenns does his best but without food it's just a matter of time for all of us. Sometimes I just wish that the swarms would come and get this over with - scratch that. I'd rather die of cold and hunger than fall to the Tjrnvis.







Maybe our luck has changed. If Smade can get the chimeras running we can move out once the ice storm has eased. maybe find those phantom Space Wolves. Find someone, at least someone with food.





Fungal ergot poisons the mind, takes away reason, promotes hallucinations and insanity. Beans is sure that whoever robbed the grain store did this. Driven by hunger into abominable madness.





TO BE CONTINUED



THEY HAD BROUGHT
HIM HERE TO DINE

BROUGHT HIM TO A DARK AND LOVELY
CELL - HIS BODY BROKEN HIS HANDS
IN CHAINS - WATCHED BY STERN-EYED
SENTRIES WHO GREET HIS EVERY
WORD WITH SILENCE



BUT HE HAD KNOWN
WIPERSCHEWENT
SUFFERING

HE HAD KNOWN SOLITUDE
HE HAD KNOWN DARKNESS

HE IS PATIENT



AND HE HAS SO
MANY STORIES
LEFT TO TELL...

AS TO
WHERE IT BEGAN,
THAT IS A MATTER OF
PERCEPTION



IT CERTAINLY DID NOT BEGIN IN
WALDENBURG - THOUGH THAT IS
WHERE IT SURELY ENDED

OF BEASTS
CURIOS A
EST. 2461

NOR, DESPITE CLAIMS TO THE CONTRARY, DID IT BEGIN
IN EITHER SLEEPY WALDENBURG OR DREARY ALBION



STIRLAND HAS FORMERLY A BETTER CLAIM

IT WAS THERE, AFTER ALL, THAT AN
OLD COMRADE WAS KILLED FOR THE
THEFT OF A WORTHLESS CUP



THOUGH IN TRUTH IT ALL BEGAN
MUCH LONGER AGO THAN THAT...

BUT I KNOW BETTER THAN TO *FAY*
YOUR PATIENCE, GENTLEMEN.

SO, FOR THE SAKE OF *BRIEFITY*, LET US
LAY IT BEGAN IN AYSBLAND TWO YEARS
BEFORE THAT BUSINESS WITH THE CUI.

BEGAN WITH A TALE
OF THE ARCHITECT
OF MY *DECLINE*.

A TALE OF THE MAN
WHO IS THE TARGET
OF ALL MY *NATURE*.

A TALE OF HELLBRANDT GRIMM

TALES OF Hellbrandt Grimm THE OATH BREAKER

SCRIPT: MITCHEL SCANLON
ART: SHARP BROTHERS
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON





MOST MEN DO NOT RISE *ANY* IN LIFE. A MAN BORN A PEASANT IS LIKELY TO *STAY* ONE, TOO.

SOME MEN, HOWEVER, REFUSE TO LET THEMSELVES BE CONFINED BY NEARLY *ANY* BEGINNINGS.



HEH LIKE REINER LUTZ.

A COMMON SOLDIER, KNIGHTED FOR AN ACT OF YOUTHFUL BRAVERY, UPON HIS RETIREMENT FROM MILITARY AFFAIRS HE RETURNED TO THE *SHARED* HARLOT OF HIS BIRTH.



RETURNED AND, THROUGH TWENTY YEARS OF VIGIL, HARD WORK AND WISE INVESTMENT, TRANSFORMED IT INTO A THRIVING MARKET TOWN.

IN TIME, HE BECAME ITS *MAJOR*, WHILE THE GRATEFUL TOWNSPEOPLE REMAINED THE PLACE IN HIS HONOUR.



BUT, DESPITE THESE SUCCESSES, THE LIFE OF REINER LUTZ WAS TO BE *SHATTERED* BY TRAGEDY.



IT BEGAN WHEN HIS SON TILO - A *GOOD* *BOY* WHOSE ADOLESCENT WILDNESS HAD BLOSSOMED INTO A READY CAPACITY FOR *RECKLESSNESS* - WAS CHARGED WITH MURDERING A WOMAN IN STRALAND.

OF HIS GUILT THERE WAS NO DOUBT, BUT STILL REINER LUTZ COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO DISOWN HIS *ONLY* SON.



USING ALL HIS WEALTH AND INFLUENCE, HE ARRANGED FOR TILO TO BE DELIVERED TO HIS CUSTODY, SWEARING A *SOLEMNN OATH* THAT HE WOULD SEE TO IT HIS SON RETURNED FOR TRIAL.

AN OATH REINER LUTZ NEVER *INTENDED* TO KEEP.



AND IF THE AUTHORITIES BRANDED HIS SON A FUGITIVE AND PLACED A *REWARD* ON HIS HEAD, SO BE IT.

SO LONG AS TILO REMAINED IN LUTZENSTADT HE WAS *SAFE* FOR HIS FATHER OWNED THE TOWN, BODY AND SOUL.--



--WHO WOULD DARE
COME AFTER HIM THEN?

MAY THE
ONE NEVER GROW
POOR, NOR THE OTHER
INTERFERABLE.

A TARGET,
MY FRIENDS, TO HIGH
FATHERS AND STRLANDER
JUSTICE.

AND TO FUGITIVE
FOOLS--

--MAY
THEY ALWAYS BE
SO EASY TO
FIND.

WHO, NOBODY



I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU ARE,
BOUNTY HUNTER, BUT IF YOU
THINK YOU CAN JUST WALK
IN HERE AND TAKE
ME--



--THEN
YOU ARE THE F-
LIFE--

HIS
NAME IS
GODWIN
OCTY.



HERE IS
MAMMORON. NOW WE ARE
ALL ANTICIPATING TELL YOUR
FRIENDS TO DROP THEIR
WEAPONS.

OR MUST I
CARVE YOU A
SECOND SMILE
AS A SHOW OF
GOODWILL?



THUNK

THUNNG

THUNK



THAT, TAKING THE ANTELOPE
TWO LUTZ WITH THEM, GRIMM AND
HANSKUN MADE THEIR ESCAPE--



--TO A FOREST CLEARING
NORTH OF LUTZENBURG.
WHERE, NEXT MORNING, AS
DAWN ROSE AHEAD TO
SCOUT THE APPROACHES...

YOU
WOULDN'T GET AWAY
WITH THAT OLD
MAN.

MY FATHER IS A
WEALTHY MAN BY NOW.
HE'LL HAVE AN ARMY
OF MEN OUT LOOKING
FOR ME.

SECRET
SECRET



THEY'LL FIND YOU
AND WHEN THEY DO,
THEY'LL KILL YOU SLOWLY.
I ADVISE YOU
THAT.

AND I'LL
WATCH IT HAPPEN, OLD
MAN. I'LL WATCH IT AND
LAUGH.

SECRET
SECRET



YOU ADVISE
ME, OLD MAN! I'LL
LAUGH!

SECRET
SECRET



SECRET
SECRET



EVEN IF YOU
DO GET ME TO STAYING, MY
FATHER WILL MAKE SURE YOU
NEVER ~~ARE~~ TO COLLECT THE
BOUNTY.

I'M
NOT HERE FOR
THE BOUNTY,
BOY.

SECRET
SECRET



THEN, WHAT...

YOU
KILLED A
WOMAN.

WHAT OF
IT? SHE WAS
NOT ONE
A PLEASANT
S... ..

SECRET
SECRET



SHHHHHH!



SHE
WAS MY WIFE'S
SISTER.

I LIVE FOR
MY WIFE'S SMILES, BOY. YET,
BECAUSE OF THEM, THESE DAYS
SHE CRIES HERSELF TO SLEEP
EACH AND EVERY NIGHT.



STILL, PERHAPS
ONCE SHE HAS SEEN YOU
SWING FROM THE GALLOWS, I
WILL SEE MY WIFE ~~SMILE~~
ONCE MORE.

SECRET
SECRET



LATER, GRINN RETURNED WITH THREE THINGS. REINER'S MEN HAD EVERY APPROACH TO THE STR. COVERED. TO RIDE NORTH WAS TO COURT DISASTER.

AND SO THEY HEADED EAST.



BUT A VENGEFUL FATHER IS NOT SO EASILY ELUDED.

AND YOU ARE SURE? THEY ARE HEADED FOR HOCHBRUCK GORGE?



ABSOLUTELY. MAYOR, A CHILD COULD FIND THEIR TRACKS.

AND YOU POSTED MEN THERE?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GORGE, MAYOR. JUST AS YOU INSTRUCTED.



THEN WE ARE THEM.

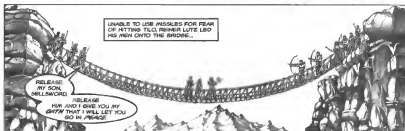


KNOWING THERE WAS BUT ONE BRIDGE ACROSS THE GORGE, AND CONFIDENT HIS GUARD WAS TRAPPED, REINER SPURRED HIS MEN ON.

ONLY TO LEARN WHAT EVERY HUNTSMAN KNOWS: A WOLF TAGGED--



--IS THE MOST DANGEROUS WOLF OF ALL.



UNABLE TO USE MISSILES FOR FEAR OF HITTING TILCO, REINER LUTE LED HIS MEN ONTO THE BRIDGE...

RELEASE MY SON, BILLSWORD.

RELEASE HIM AND I GIVE YOU MY GUYN THAT I WILL LET YOU GO IN PEACE.

FISH
SOUNDS A GOOD
BARBARIAN TO ME.
WHAT SAY YOU,
HAGLGRUNN?

I SAY
HE IS AN OATH-
BREAKER,
GRUNN...

--AND A
MAN WHO BREAKS
HIS OATH DESERVES NO
BETTER THAN
DEATH.

SHHEEEFF

TOO LATE. REINER LUTE
SAW HIS MISTAKE. THE
BRIDGE HAD BEEN A
TRAP. ALL RIGHT--

BUT NOT FOR
GRUNN.

KKREEEE

NOOO!!

FOR THE MERCENARY HAD REALISED
THAT, SO LONG AS THE FATHER AND
TWO LUTE WOULD NEVER BE MADE
TO PAY FOR HIS CRIMES.

AND SO IT WAS THAT REINER LUTE
DID ASSESS-LAD LOW BY MURDER, A
WAYWARD SON, A BROKEN OATH--

--AND HELLBRANDT GRUNN.

A MAN
WHO BREAKS HIS OATH
DESERVES NO BETTER THAN
DEATH.

AS TO
WHETHER HAGLGRUNN HAD
TIME TO RECONSIDER THOSE
WORDS THE NEXT TIME HE MET
GRUNN, WHO CAN
SAY?

BUT, NO
MATTER.

IN TIME,
BOTH HE AND HELLBRANDT GRUNN
WOULD HAVE AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO
CONSIDER THOSE WORDS ONCE AGAIN.

They say there's no
place for oath-
breakers in paradise...
--the last words of
Haglgrun the Newsman

NEXT: THE REMORSE OF THE DEAD

TEN MILES BELOW THE GLEAMING SPIRES OF RULING IMPERIAL HOUSE HELMANN LIES THE LOWER REACHES OF NINE BOTTOMS. PRISONERS OF THE MERCHANT BUILD DIG FOR MINERAL DEPOSITS - AND MORE VALUABLE SUBSTANCES - TRANSMUTED OVER MILLENNIA FROM POLLUTANTS AND TOXIC WASTE.

THE MINERS ARE PIT SLAVES WHO HAVE ENDURED CRUDE SURGICAL PROCEDURES TO MAKE THEM MORE MACHINE THAN MAN (MEN LIKE SCIZORIAN PECK, ONE TIME UNDERWORLD BANDIT AND SPIDER HUNTER).

SLAVEBREAK

SCRIPT: JONATHAN GREEN

ART: P.J. HOLDEN

LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

DRRRRR!
DRRRRR!

I TELL YOU, WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE GURAT EKOW'S GONNA WISH HE NEVER PUT A BOUNTY ON MY HEAD!

I'M GONNA RAID EVERY CARAVAN OF HIS THAT MAKES THE RUN FROM SURPHOLE SINCE TO ANGEE'S RIFT.

THUDDA!

THUDDA!

THUDDA!

ZZZZZZZZZ!

DHUMP!
WHUMP!
DDHUMP!

YEARS (I'M HEADING SPINNE, I'M GONNA MAKE IT BIG ON THE PIT FIGHTING CIRCUIT.

TO JUST BE HAPPY WITH A MECH-SHOP OF MY OWN - RAYBE OUT IN ONE OF THE TRADING POSTS - DOING WHAT I DID BEFORE ONE BAD DAY TURNED INTO ONE BAD LIFE SENTENCE!

DRRRRR!
DRRRRR!

I HEAR YA, LAZZO, WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. HAVEN'T WE, RALPH?

UH?

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW? LOOKS LIKE KRUNCH HAS FOUND US A WAY OUT OF THIS SCREE-MOLE.

LOOK HOW OLD THAT JOIST-WORK IS. COULD BE A WHOLE NETWORK OF THESE ANCIENT TUNNELS.

NICE ONE, KRUNCH.

UH?

WHAT'S GOWS ON DOWN THERE? GET BACK TO WORK, YOU SUMP-SUCKERS!

LOOKS LIKE WE NEED A DISTRACTION.

HEY, SOMEONE! DID YOU HEAR THAT? THAT SNEAKER JUST CALLED YOUR MOTHER A RIPPER-JACK-LOVING SCRAWY!



AMAZING.
RATSON PAINTINGS, MUST
BE THOUSANDS OF YEARS
OLD...

UH?

WHY YOU
STINK... JUST WAIT TILL I GET
MY CLAW ROUND YOUR SCRIMPY
NECK YOU BLOOD-SUCKING
SNEAKER!

WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?

GET A
LOAD OF THIS, YOU
FREAKS!

WE DO WHAT
WE'RE BEST AT
WE DIS!

WE'RE
THROUGH! COME
ON LADS, TO
FREEDOM!

OH SKAY!

VZZZZZ!
DRRRRR!
THADUMPH!
THADUMPH!

THE END

IN THE GRIM DARKNESS OF THE FAR FUTURE THERE IS ONLY WAR!

STORM OF IRON

A WARHAMMER 40,000 NOVEL BY GRAHAM McNEILL

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STOCKISTS

JULY 2002